

Puck

WEEK ENDING APRIL 10, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS



Miss Doris Van Doolittle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Van Doolittle, sailed today for the Allied battle front, where she will take up her chosen work as manicure to the troops. For wounded soldiers there are nurses in plenty, Miss Van Doolittle explained, but nobody to keep the well ones in the trenches nice and neat. Since the war began, Miss Van Doolittle and her Society Set have sent thousands of smokeless-powder-puffs to the sharpshooters.

THE VOLUNTEER MANICURE

PAINTED BY KARL LINK



Kelly-Springfield Tires Now Sold on New Adjustment Basis

Hereafter when adjustments are necessary they will be made on the following basis: Plain tread, 5,000 miles; Kant Slip tread, 6,000 miles. In Ford sizes, plain tread, 6,000 miles; Kant Slip tread, 7,500 miles.

The word "adjustment," however, rarely figures in Kelly-Springfield speech or correspondence. In 1914 the total adjustments on

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Tires for the whole United States were less than **one per cent** of sales. You get your tire service in uninterrupted mileage—not in adjustments.

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KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

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(dated the following Saturday)
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"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

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Contributing Editor, HY MAYER
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The Tempest in Puck's Teapot Boils Merrily On

A reader sending us the following parallel makes this comment:

"Locality and sex differ; the underlying thought is your own, and the same in both cases. We all like to have our opinions and conclusions confirmed—hence these clippings."

Puck

February 6, 1915.

HOBSON'S NEXT?

(From our Washington Correspondent in 1925.)

An army of smokers descended upon the House of Representatives to-day to protest against the National Tobacco Prohibition measure of by Richmond Pearson Hobson, member for Alabama. Once passed, the Hobson law makes it a felony to smoke a pipe, cigar, or cigarette, or to indulge in a soul-satisfying chew, within the borders of the United States.

Mr. Hobson's speech against the iniquitous tobacco traffic was illustrated with posters displayed around the walls of the House, which pointed out the direful effects of the noxious weed on plant life, and clearly indicated its deadly responsibility in causing sciatica, housemaid's knee, pink-eye and chilblains.

"Tobacco," declares the earnest member from Alabama, "is responsible for most of the woes of the world. It brought about the downfall of Rome, caused the Great Plague in London, started the San Francisco fire and sent the Titanic to the bottom. I shall lift my clarion voice against its use until the smoker awakens to the enormity of his lustful appetite for this death-dealing weed."

Seattle Post-Intelligencer,
February 8, 1915.

WOMAN WOULD STOP SMOKING IN CAFES.

Charlotte F. Jones, Author of
Council Bill, Says Only
Hoodlums Will Object.

Charlotte F. Jones threatens to bring suit against restaurants and cafeterias in Seattle where smoking is allowed unless a bill is passed by the city council compelling the downtown diner to forego the soothing weed and cigarette. The protestant against smoking in restaurants herself submitted a draft of a proposed ordinance to the council which, she says, is in line with Judge Everett Smith's order against smoking on street cars.

"The only persons who are likely to object to this ordinance," she says, "are of the hoodlum element, chiefly cigarette fiends, who are unworthy of any consideration."

The bill allows restaurant proprietors to install smoking rooms adjoining the dining rooms, but they must be inclosed by four walls and the door connecting with the restaurant proper "must always be kept closed."

Her bill also seeks to prevent smoking within ten feet of a restaurant door, and would stamp out smoking at the polls on election days.

Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear Old PUCK:

Interested to note that a Buffalo worthy stepped out of his mental coffin recently and stayed alive long enough to send you a letter depreciating the comic pictures drawn by Messrs. Goldberg and Barton. "Silliest," "stupidest," "most senseless," compose the critical epithets used in this detail by Mr. Tracy, of Buffalo. He is not alone in his opinion, he assured PUCK. Yes, Mr. Tracy is right. Whole cemeteries might be crowded with those who detest such "crazy stuff" as Goldberg, et al., draw.

But to give the creator of "this Goldberg hash" his due, it should not be forgotten that he is undoubtedly the most finished and amusing master of the burlesque, in descriptive writing and drawing, ever seen in America.

Give us more of Goldberg—occasionally, at least—PUCK. Heed not the tick of the wrist-watch, the awesome dignity of the monocle, or the chilling voice from the tomb. Let us enjoy "the silliness" of that master satirist now and then.

With the wish that PUCK will continue giving real burlesque a place in its pleasing numbers, I am,

Yours admirably,
OWEN A. RICHARDS.

In the course of *Puck's* advocacy of woman suffrage, we printed a cartoon recently which aroused the ire of a reader who jealously guards—to the extent of a \$25 forfeit—the traditions of Southern chivalry. A newspaper happened into the office a few days later which answers Mr. Henderson's letter much better than we can.

THE ANTI-SALOON
LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Department of Publications
Russell S. Henderson,
Art Editor
Westerville, Ohio.

Editor PUCK.

My Dear Sir:

In your issue for the week of the 27th I noticed a cartoon by Chamberlain entitled: "In the Land of Cotton." In my opinion that is just about as inconsistent with the real existing condition in the South as anything I ever saw. And furthermore, it is inconsistent with conditions that have existed in that country, and I am firmly convinced that such disgraceful injustices will never be inflicted on the women of the South.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me say that I am in line with the cause of the suffragists, as every fair-minded and unprejudiced man is, and when your issue of last week was turned over to them I was happily struck with the idea, but when you come back the very next week with such an excuse for a cartoon I straightway frown up.

I wish to offer twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) to the person that is able to prove convincingly (to any fair-minded judge whom you wish to choose) that that particular cartoon is consistent and in any way illustrates fairly the South's attitude towards the cause of woman suffrage.

Very sincerely yours,
R. S. HENDERSON.

New York Evening Journal
March 16, 1915.

SAYS FARMER'S WIFE IS A SERF IN SOUTHWEST

DALLAS, Texas. — The hardships of women on farms of the Southwest is known to-day at the hearing here of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations.

The witness was Mrs. L. L. Steward, the mother of eleven children, eight of them living. The hardships she described where shared in considerable degree, according to estimates of other witnesses, by women and children of nearly one hundred thousand families on Southwestern farms, most of them white.

Mrs. Steward said she was a native of Arkansas and married there at fifteen. She said she worked in the fields every year, except one, in crop seasons, continuing this work almost until the time her children were born.

Her routine, she said, was to get breakfast at 4 a. m., work in the fields until noon, then return to the house to begin household duties, and take "one day out a week" to do the washing. For several years, she said, she made all of her husband's clothing, her own, and her children's.

"Some houses are tolerably decent," said the witness, "some are not. I have carried water myself half a mile from the nearest well to the house."

"Mrs. Canary's Boarding House," which will be found in this number, and regularly hereafter, continues to find favor as a feature out of the ordinary.

New York City.

Dear PUCK:

Are we to have some more stories of the boarding-house life, or was this a swan song? When I picked up the yarn of "Saturday Night and No Hot Water," I recalled the days when bathing was a weekly, not a daily function. I grew young and waxed fat. I laughed and laughed again to myself. It wasn't the kind of laugh that loosens up the flesh about the mouth slightly, but the good old-fashioned laughs which begin on the bald spot and go wrinkling up one's skin all the way to the toes.

The story was the kind of a yarn that pleases, because you know what is going to happen and it does, because you have been put into a frame of mind so completely calling back your youth. It doesn't seem that the writer is employing words, and one is not conscious of the machinery of printing. The story pleasantly intrudes itself, then holds your attention, and you drop the paper with a feeling of having made a visit to yourself long years ago, when you were struggling in the city and "boarded." I have been there and I know.

This week's PUCK is all very well with its *Jugend* flavor, and I like it, but I hold you to your promise to print some more stories of the boarding-house. I want to visit with my table companions again. When does the boarding-house loom again in PUCK? Formerly I read PUCK occasionally as I chanced to have my hair cut, but it is no longer a barber-shop companion but a very real treat each and every week.

Yours very truly,
J. R. ROWLAND.

That the boys with the fleet find *Puck* a welcome visitor is indicated in the following letter from Vera Cruz:

U.S.S. Delaware.

GENTLEMEN:

I hasten to renew my subscription. I find more enjoyment in PUCK than any other two magazines or periodicals I receive. Your articles for a larger navy and army, and military training in colleges and universities, are great, and any man with the interest of the country, which in turn means his own interest, will heartily approve of your stand.

Long life to you, PUCK. The ancient Romans and Greeks marked great days with white, but they only did this once or twice a year. I mark one day a week—"PUCK day."

T. F. GRANT.

Schaghticoke, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:

Enclosed find my check on the National City Bank of Troy (N. Y.) for \$2.50 for six months' subscription to PUCK, to begin with next week's number.

As a parting remark I want to tell you that you are getting out the best weekly in America to-day, and I hope you won't let a lot of old mossbacks scare you from the standard you have set up.

Yours truly,
E. D. RALSTON.

Ithaca, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

The editors of the *Cornell Widow* have been reading PUCK with a great deal of interest during the year, and one and all of them are convinced of the fact that it is better than any other humorous publication such as **** and ****.

B. H. MICOJ,
Business Manager.

New York City.

EDITOR PUCK:

Your candid publication of letters from readers who do not agree with you is as creditable to you as the improvement in that sweetener of overburdened life—PUCK.

S. BENEDICT.

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Manuscripts: PUCK will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. Contributions sent by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned if unavailable. Decision will be rendered promptly, and payment made immediately upon acceptance. Send your contributions to Puck before sending them elsewhere.

News-stands: PUCK is on sale every Monday on all trains, in railway stations, hotels, and by all responsible newsdealers at ten cents a copy. It is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co., and the Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co.: Bremen's, Paris: Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris, and Basle, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.



GRINIGRAMS

The Du Pont Powder Co. has raised wages twenty per cent. The increased popularity of rabbit shooting is said to be the contributing cause.

It is the opinion of a commercial person that New York would starve in three days but for canned food: It would go mad with melancholy in less time than that but for canned music.

Certain financial experts "see the end of the war in August." If so, it will be most provoking. August is too late for Society to go abroad, as in that month everybody who is anybody is coming back.

"If Theodore Roosevelt should run for President on a Prohibition platform, he would come very near being elected."
—An enthusiastic clergyman.

Coming "very near" to being elected is no longer Theodore's idea of a bully time.

To help raise revenue, a tax on dances has been urged. Before they are through with it, the tax will be dodged by the dancy crowd and paid by the little East Side girls who caper to the music of a hand-organ. A dance called the Tax Dodge might inspire some novel steps, however.

"The number of words found in old English literature does not exceed thirty thousand; recent dictionaries have listed more than four hundred thousand."
—Professor Clark, of Cornell.

Which accounts for the superiority over Shakespeare and Milton of George Sylvester Viereck. Or of George Barr McCutcheon over Addison and Macaulay.

Up New Haven way, they are thinking of adding a new word to the dictionary. It is Matrimayomony.

The Twilight Club's latest dinner was devoted to a discussion of the "Power of Poetry," several poets being present to demonstrate it. The Twilight Sleep.

Newporters have taken up the long walk fad. An excellent long walk for some Newporters we might mention would be around the world by way of the North and South Poles.

The Vice-President of the United States now has a formal flag. It is to be displayed on naval vessels while he is aboard in an official capacity. Vice-President Marshall can proudly fly it the next time a battleship visits Indiana.

The children of the rich, says Dr. Wiley, are practically starving because the food which they consume, though expensive, does not contain sufficient nutriment. Dr. Wiley should walk through East Houston Street with us and see the babies who are brought up on dill pickles.

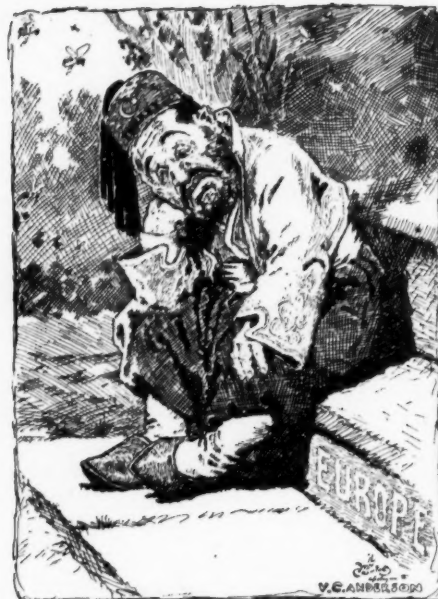
Senator Beveridge expresses surprise that in all Germany there are no flaming placards calling for volunteers. In a country where every male is catalogued as to his fighting qualities by a Militarist before he leaves the cradle, there is small necessity to *inuite* men to shoulder arms.

"Billy" Sunday took a census of hell in his new sermon, "No Second Chance," in the Tabernacle to-night. It follows:

"Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Jezebel, Nero, Judas, Attila, Louis XIV, Louis XV, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mme. Pompadour, Mme. Montespan, Mme. Maintenon, Catherine de Medici, Ivan the Terrible, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Payne, and Ingersoll.

"To hell with the twentieth century," he ended.
—Philadelphia news item.

Assuming that a roster of heaven would lead off with the names of the "Rev. Billy" Sunday, Elijah Dowie, "Pastor" Russell, and Richmond Pearson Hobson, this paragraph is a sore temptation to lay plans for a riotous life henceforth.



"NOBODY LOVES ME"

He dodged the camera men, and "shooed" them away with his cane.
—J. P. Morgan's departure.

Like father, like son.

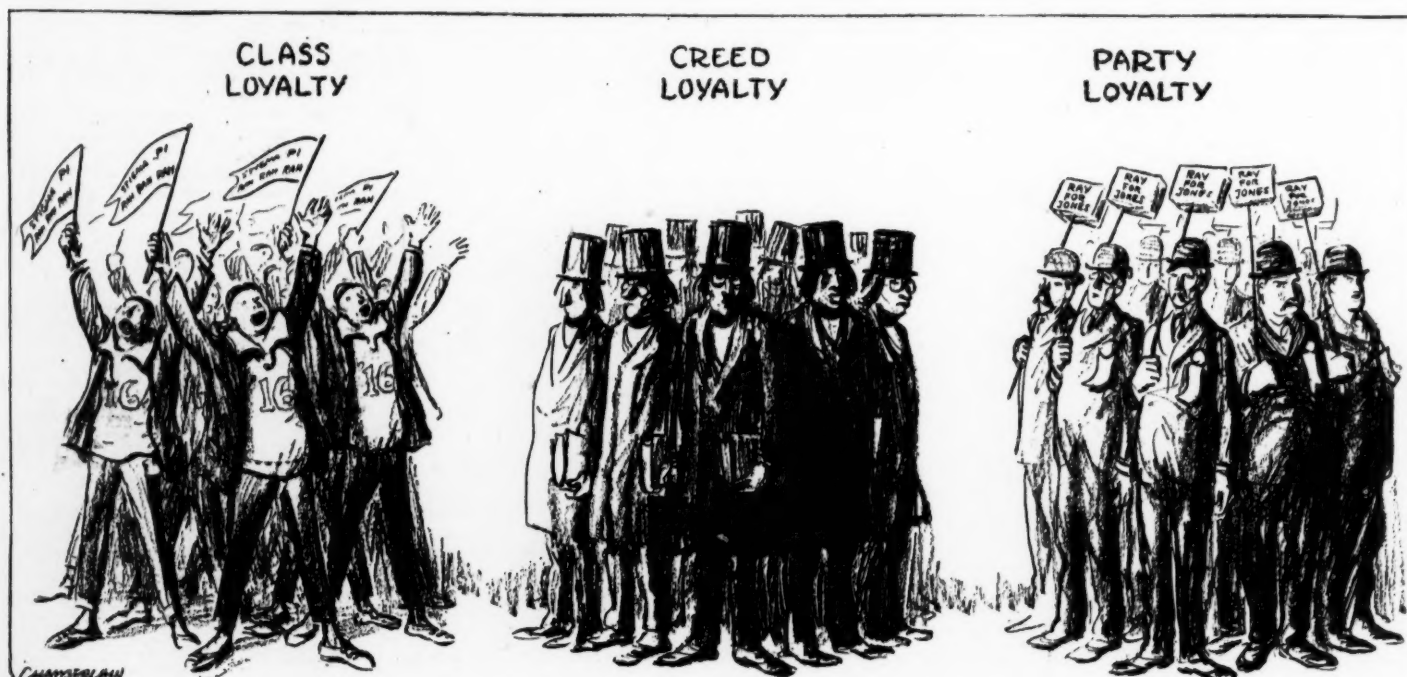
According to an Albany news story, the Prohibitionists threaten to close half the saloons in New York. The front half or the back half? If the former, it will simply make every day like Sunday.

"I told him he had no damn right to sink my boat."

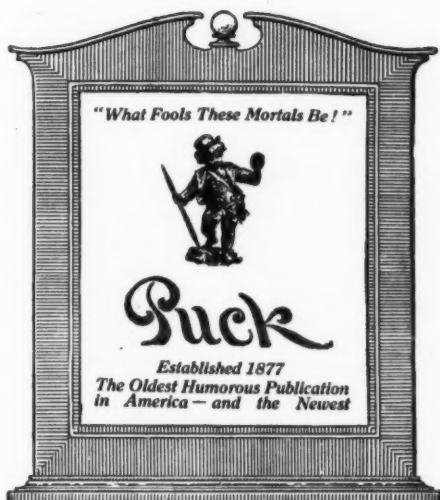
—The Captain of the Frye.

It is a relief, once in a while, to read something like this; something not "couched in diplomatic language."

The Kaiser has conferred the Iron Cross upon the Sultan for "the part you have taken in the defense of the Dardanelles." The Kaiser should have shown more consideration, and given the Sultan something he could pawn.



FOR THOSE WHO GO THROUGH LIFE AFRAID TO BE "DIFFERENT"



VOL. LXXVII. No. 1988. WEEK ENDING APRIL 10, 1915

ENTER PRAYER, EXIT PILL

The day that the average physician displays a name plate on his door announcing that he is ready for practice, it is safe to assume that an investment has been made in his education approximately as follows:

From four to seven years at a university, representing a <i>minimum</i> of	\$3,000.00
Living expenses during university course, <i>minimum</i>	3,000.00
Books, instruments, laboratory charges, etc.	1,000.00
Expenses during hospital internship	1,000.00
Total cost of medical education	\$8,000.00

In the course of this training, extending over from five to ten years of his life, the physician has received instruction at the hands of men whose entire careers have been devoted to mastering the practice of medicine. Until he is past thirty-five years of age, his career is one constant, painstaking *preparation* for the protection of humanity against disease.

A law pending in New York proposes to set all this preparedness at naught. The legislature of that State has been asked by the Christian Scientists to legalize the "practising" of their healers.

The Christian Science "healer" enters upon his activities with the following stock in trade:

One copy of "Science and Health," by Mary Baker Eddy	\$ 3.00
One satin-faced Prince Albert	35.00
	\$38.00

Thus equipped, he can pray over a virulent case of smallpox until the infection sweeps the neighborhood. He should worry! There is no such thing as smallpox; the patient is merely in "error." Epidemics under the healer's benignant influence might ravage communities; it would be quite unnecessary to take steps to check them; there is no such thing as illness. As soon as the unfortunate victims receive faith through Mrs. Eddy's tract at \$3.00 a copy, the scourge will subside.

It is all very simple—*buy the book!*

Weird incantations over the grievously ill passed out of American history when the last Kickapoo turned his toes to the setting sun. Before the steady stride of enlightenment, the old lady who wore red yarn around her ankle to ward off chilblains has linked arms with her consort who carried a shriveled horsechestnut in his vest pocket as a cure for rheumatism, and together they have passed into the Great Beyond, a little earlier, perhaps, than had their ailments been attended to by a skilled physician.



Superstition, whether set forth in "Science and Health" or Hostetter's Almanac, is banished from most intelligent minds. Diseases that a generation ago spelled certain fatality are now under the doctor's control. They are not cured by prayer, nor by sorcery. Mary Baker Eddy was an extremely commonplace New England woman. It has been our privilege to read some of her early correspondence in the original; much of it was illiterate and none of it convincing.

Licensing the Christian Science healer is a dangerous retrogression. If it meant the substitution of prayer for Peruna, we would advocate it; but we cannot imagine a condition which might place control over a deadly epidemic in the hands of a zealot who enters upon his medical career with an investment of thirty eight dollars.

After centuries of effort and gradual uplift, Man has reached a point where he no longer considers it "civilized" to kill prisoners of war. In the present colossal conflict, when each side has enough to do to feed and shelter its own, there would seem to be quite some provocation for putting prisoners out of the way as rapidly and as painlessly as possible; but "civilization" forbids such methods. Prisoners must be treated with a semblance of humanity; fed, housed, and, after a fashion, clothed. They may be utilized where manual labor is required—indeed, occupation is a boon to them; or they may be herded in detention camps, and there await exchange, but in no circumstances may

they be lined up before a firing squad and shot. That would be "barbarous."

But, on the other hand, there appears to be nothing "barbarous" in the act of an army aviator who drops bombs upon an unfortified town and kills an old woman or cradled baby. If this sort of thing may be done without offense to "civilization," why be so scrupulously careful in the matter of not shooting prisoners? Every prisoner-of-war was once an active soldier, armed with rifle or other weapon, and on the firing line for no other purpose than to do all the damage he could to the enemy in whose hands he finally fell. Incidentally, if he had the chance, he would go back and do it once more—he is very frank about it—and begin shooting or stabbing where he left off when captured. So again, why such extreme solicitude for prisoners-of-war when noncombatants like an old woman and a sleeping baby may be killed with perfect propriety?

It would be easier, too, to kill prisoners than it is to kill women and babies. The former could be disposed of in groups, and at a rifle range, making inaccuracy of fire a court-martial offense; but there is bound to be a certain haphazardness in the slaughter of an old woman dozing or a baby biting on a rubber ring. A good many bombs are apt to be wasted, the aviators being some distance in the air and having nothing but roofs to aim at.

The crack in the Liberty Bell has lately increased in length. Possibly due to speeches by the Hon. Richmond Pearson Hobson.



A Daring Thought

Historic Daly's, the home of cheap burlesque! What queer pranks Time in his travels works! Who knows but that some day one of our Broadway theatres may become the home of drama?

True, it assuredly is, that one can have little but contempt for those English actors who, at the first sign of possible danger to their skins, scooted overseas into the shelter of the American proscenium arch. True, it assuredly is, that one cannot but sympathize with the jobless and starving American actors who have raised their voices in protest against the employment by American managers of these British cowards. But—to be wholly fair—how many of these protesting American actors can, when it comes down to tacks, equal the histrionic talent of the British mummers to even the simple extent of pronouncing properly the little word "particular"?

The correct pronunciation of "particular"

If one believes the current drama, this is the line most spoken by women when entering a bachelor apartment:
"I feel somehow that I shouldn't have come."



"Blinded by the light of Truth"

Music for the Masses

On the occasion of the recent opening in New York of a hotel for the exclusive use of hoboes, the latter themselves selected as an inaugural musical programme, the following (see newspaper files for verification):

Humoresque.....	Dvorak
Death and the Maiden.....	Schubert
C minor Quartet, op. 18, No. 4.....	Beethoven
Kaiser Quartet.....	Haydn

On the occasion of the recent opening in New York of a little theatre for the exclusive use of the well-to-do, the latter themselves (backers of the institution) selected as an inaugural musical programme, the following (see playbill for verification):

Old Folks Rag.....	Sweetman
Siamese Patrol.....	Paul Lincke
You For Me and Me For You.....	Von Tilzer
The Girl from Utah.....	Kern

MORAL: It's no fun being a hobo.

Sex Attraction.—One of Valeska Suratt's vaudeville sketches.

Moving-Picture Symbolism

There was lately shown in New York a "feature" film called "Hypocrites." A synopsis of the story, printed on the program, included the following: "Gabriel, an ascetic monk of olden time, labors to perfect an image of Truth, consecrating himself with fasting and prayer and keeping his work a secret. One monk, bolder than the rest, spies upon him, but is blinded by the light of Truth and can see nothing."

Pursuing this line of reasoning, to wit, that one who sees the truth is blind, it follows obviously as movie-axiomatic that one who does not see the truth is clear-sighted. Hence, according to movie-logic, Mr. William Winter's criticism of the modern drama is the acute master-thought of the world.



Revue.—A burlesque form of theatrical entertainment the success of which depends largely upon its ability to convince its audience that the most serious dramas of the season were perfectly ridiculous. One cannot, remember, burlesque successfully the Fifth Symphony, Rembrandt, "Caesar and Cleopatra," Schopenhauer's Essay on Women, the cheese pie at the Hofbrau, or anything else of sound intrinsic worth.

Dramatic Criticism.—The technique of presenting accurately and convincingly inaccurate opinions of drama.



THE WAR ZONE

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL



PAINTED BY LOU MAYER

APRIL SHOWERS BRING FORTH ORANGE BLOSSOMS

FLAT NEIGHBORS

ARGUMENT.—Really we must find another flat. In the first place, the rent; in the second place, milk thieves; in the third place, hall-boys — if you don't tip them they are unbearable, if you do tip them they promptly get another job; and fourthly and worstly, neighbors. To the right of us is a baby, a four-cylinder baby without a muffler. Any time you approach the north wall of our kitchen you hear something like this:

BABY (in lusty babyese): Oh, miserable me!



THE "SAXON" IN LITERATURE

"Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!"

—Scott's "The Lady of the Lake," Canto IV.

Oh, unhappy being that I am! Wo-o-o-o-o-o is me!

HER VOICE (soothingly): Yes a-wassums; yes a-wassums.

BABY (continuing in the native tongue; translation unauthorized but guaranteed accurate): Oh, how I hate everybody in this wicked world! Oh, how I hate my dear pa-a-a-a-arents!

HIS VOICE (fretfully): Why don't you give him a slap—just a little one you know—but enough to make him understand that you mean what you're saying?

BABY: I want the moon. I want the stars. I want a private yacht. I want somebody to find that cigar stub I saw yesterday so I can put it in my mouth. Oh, sa-a-a-a-ad day!

HER VOICE: Slap him! The idea! Hassums dottums pain in ums tummy?

BABY: Oh, imbecile remark! Oh, misguided and mentally deficient maker of that remark! It isn't my stomach, it's my soul! O-o-o-o-oh!

HIS VOICE: For the love of Mike get the soothing-syrup!

HER VOICE: Soothing-syrup! I should say

not! Issums stop kying yight off? Course ums is.

BABY: Stop crying? Not while a breath remains in these two lungs. In the words of Paul Jones I haven't begun to cry yet. I'm going to cry it out on these lines if it takes all summer. Ya-a-a-a-a-a-ah!

Still, that isn't so bad, because nobody has to stay in the kitchen. But suppose you drop into the living-room and pick up a book for a quiet read. Listen! The voices through that right wall are smothered a bit but you can catch every word. That's how the conversation runs along meal-time and sleep-time. They don't do anything but talk, and it's always a continuation of the same quarrel:

HIS VOICE: Oh, is that so? (Speaking very sarcastically.)

HER VOICE: Yes, that is so.

HIS VOICE: Well, why didn't you tell me about it?

HER VOICE: I did tell you about it.

HIS: You did not.

HERS: I told you yesterday.

HIS (accompanied by sound of book slamming to floor): It's got to stop! Understand?

HERS: Sit down and behave.

HIS: What did you spend it for?

HERS: That's none of your business.

HIS: I'll make it my business. (Sound of chair being tipped over.) You'd better understand that. I'll make it my business right now — Etc., etc.

But even that isn't so annoying as the people overhead. We don't know what the overheaders talk about, because we never hear their voices — only their feet. Our theory, however, is that the man is putting together a motor-boat that has been mailed him in sections via parcel post. And it is self-evident that his wife is ten feet high, and for some hygienic or other reason wears flatirons tied to her feet:

THE MAN (hammering the engine into place): Bang! Bang! Bang!

THE LADY (running around the room — doubtless to reduce her weight): Clumpety-clump! Clumpety-clump!

THE MAN (nailing on the rudder): Boomety bang! Boomety bang!

THE LADY (playing puss-in-the-corner): Thumpety stamp-stamp! Thumpety stamp-stamp!

THE MAN (knocking hole in the stern for the propeller shaft): Boom! Bing, bingety-boom!

But then what's the use of looking for a better place? If we should move like as not we'd get into a flat with a grand opera career on one side; a 3 a. m. Bohemian circle on the other; and overhead an interned regiment of Uhlands.



JUST LIKE A MAN

"I know it's not nice to make comparisons, but I just want to show you the size eggs that other birds are laying."

On the Other Hand—

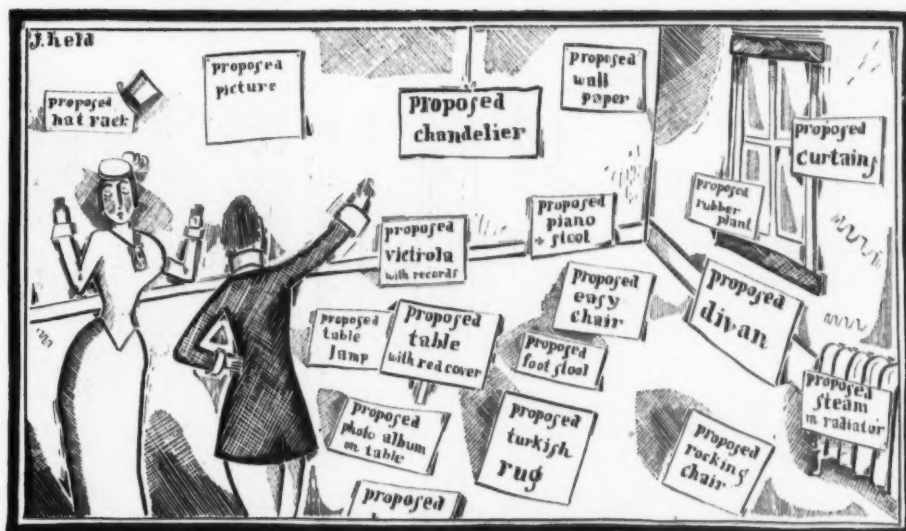
By SIMEON STRUNSKY

Social betterment is a process originating on the upper West Side for the improvement of the lower East Side, and resulting in the imposition of the civilization of the lower East Side upon the manners of the upper West Side.

Problem number one was the problem of the public dance hall, a menace to which the working girls of the lower East Side were peculiarly exposed. Having acquired the habit of accepting positions in shirtwaist factories and artificial flower shops without an introduction, the daughters of the poor found it natural to dispense with the formality of an introduction in Professor Mandelbaum's academy of dance on Grand Street. There they were accustomed to dance with young men of whom they knew nothing more than that the young men lived next door. In the absence of chaperons, patronesses, and announcements in the newspapers of the following day, it was inevitable that the proprieties should suffer. Neither the hours nor the dances were what they should be. The daughters of the poor danced too long and too violently, and the regulation of the Grand Street academies became imperative.

After several years of patient effort for the conservation of the modesty and hygiene of the East Side dance halls, we note a remarkable change. All distinctions between East Side and West Side have been eliminated, and the daughter of the rich now dances, if anything, more violently and more promiscuously than the daughter of the poor. Opportunity has been equalized and no young woman must now contend against the handicap of having been born in a three thousand dollar apartment. In a very real sense the movement to chaperon the East Side has brought democracy; for whereas on the East Side the dance halls are automatically restricted to after factory hours, on upper Broadway one may dance from noon to dawn with anyone and everyone for the price of tea and supper.

Problem number two was the problem of the drama. How to build the national theatre and how to bring the resultant national drama within



FORCE OF HABIT

THE SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE PROMOTER FURNISHES A HOME FOR HIS BRIDE

the reach of the poor kept many men awake after office hours in Wall Street. First they built a three million dollar marble temple of the drama for the masses. Then they thought it might be Sygne and the Irish Players. Then they built a house with two hundred and ninety-nine seats. Then they organized drama leagues, issued summons for prize plays, turned hopefully to Professor Baker at Harvard, went in devotedly for the historic pageant and the masque, gave open air performances on the Columbia campus, organized folk-dances in the schools, organized the Sociological Fund for the encouragement of Brioux, tried Wedekind, Giacosa, Dunsany, Echegaray, plunged heavily on Shaw, and produced an immense number of books on the mission and technique of the theatre; all with an ultimate eye on the masses.

Years of patient effort in behalf of the national drama have produced results. We have Mary Pickford. We have John Bunny. We have masterly film-plays from the pen of Harold MacGrath, Rex Beach, and Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Once more it has been shown that there is no East Side and no West Side, but one public, one standard, and one appetite. East of Third Avenue the populace bolts its supper and hurries out to see the first run of "The Inca's Bride." West of Park Avenue the public orders carriages for 8:45, and drives to see the first run of "The Adventures of Mousseline." Take your mind from your newspaper any morning on the Third Avenue L, or the Sixth Avenue L, eavesdrop on your neighbors, and observe how the passion for the drama—fillum or crook—has entered into the life of the masses and classes. A second notable victory for democracy; the erstwhile "free show" of the Coney Island screens has become the drama of the nation.

Problem number three was how to sex-educate the children of the poor. There were a good many opinions. Some wanted to do it through the moving pictures. Some advocated an intensive study of procreation in the vegetable kingdom. Some favored heart-to-heart talks between parents and children. There was no difference of opinion on the point that sex-hygiene and eugenics were essential to a solution of the problem of poverty.

Sex-education has been several years less in the encouragement than the national drama and regulated dance halls; but the results are truly astonishing. Once more the children of the well-to-do have been put on a parity with the children of the poor; the younger generation on the upper West Side knows almost as much of the subject as the young on the lower East Side. The special advantages possessed by the latter have been largely overcome. That superior physiological knowledge which comes from a family of eight in two bedrooms and a kitchen, from the absence of bathtubs, from the continuous presence of nursing babies, from an intimate acquaintance with the life of the streets, has been brought within the reach of the wealthiest families by lectures, stereopticon views and newspaper debates on the rights of mother-teachers. The children of the well-to-do can now ask questions as pertinent as any you might encounter south of Fourteenth Street, and productive of infinitely more embarrassment.

Problems number four to twelve the reader can easily recall for himself. Everywhere the West Side is making ferocious drives against the trenches east of Third Avenue only to find its flank turned by the Von Hindenburgs of the East Side. A good teacher is always ready to learn; the elements of uplift are learning fast.



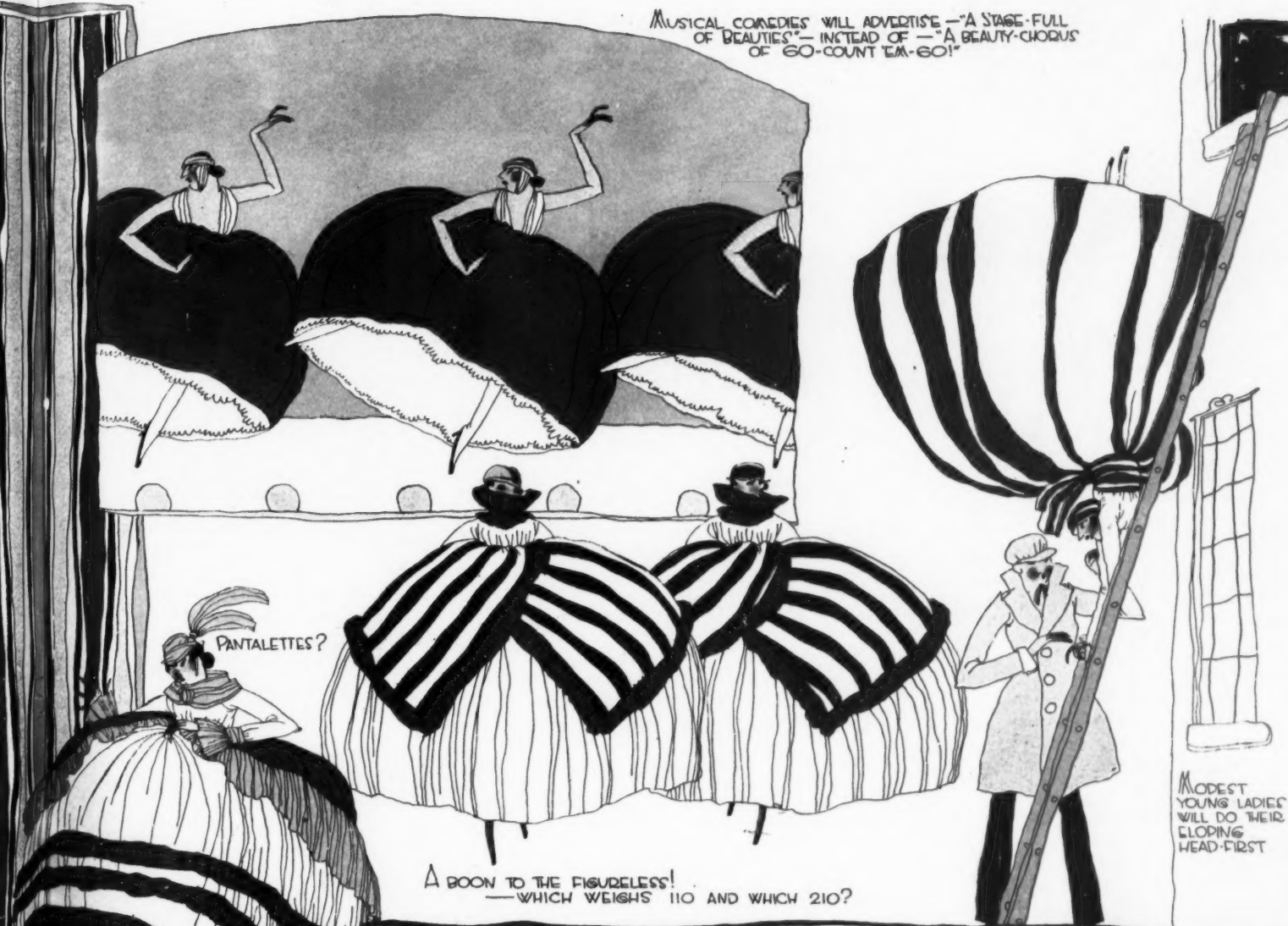
TO INSURE BIG COLLECTIONS, USE A SPOTLIGHT



WHO NEED KNOW IT'S A FORD?

"HOOPS, MY D

MUSICAL COMEDIES WILL ADVERTISE—"A STAGE-FULL OF BEAUTIES"—INSTEAD OF—"A BEAUTY-CHORUS OF 60-COUNT 'EM-60!"



THE HOOD-SKIRT CRUSH IN THE SUBWAY



DRAWN BY RALPH BARTON



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

Miss Annie Peck, whose chief delight
Is taming wild Sierras,
Said we should live on modest sums
And shun the gay tiaras.
Sir Bryan handed Demon Rum
A crushing ultimatum—
He said hard drinks
Were full of Jinx,
And begged us all to bat 'em.



Our popular Vice-President,
By Lord Josephus' order,
Now has a milk white flag to hoist
When he's a naval boarder.
This season's waistline, we observe,
Is draped about the shoulders;
Sir Whitman's tax
Has crooked our backs,
And Mexico still smoulders.

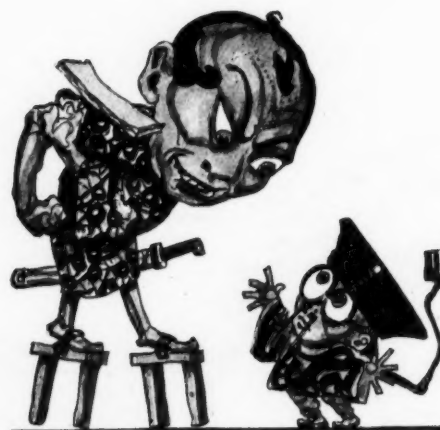
Bill Sunday's hell is peopled with
Voltaire, Rosseau and Nero,
As well as divers Kings and Queens
Whose general score was zero.
Electric lights are being worn
On Gotham's ultra ankles;
The Poultry trust
Seems badly mussed,
And England's order rankles.

A quart of beans blew up and spoiled
A farmer lady's frostin'—
No doubt they burst with homesickness
For their beloved Boston.
Beaux parlors were suggested for
Our Charitable cloisters;
The Colonel's pen
Is loose again,
And germ's don't live in oysters.

A grandpapa, whose hundred years
Were but a youthful leaven,
Performed the latest fox-trot with
A lass aged ninety-seven.
A debutante estranged her dog
By feeding it spaghetti;
To Broadway flew
The Bird called Blue,
And aren't the Balkans fretty?



Will. Watson wrote a ringing rime
Abolishing the Kaiser;
Miss Isadora Duncan fears
We really do not prize her.
A husband sued his wife because
She made him cook the dinner;
The boom for Root
Is bearing fruit,
And stocks are looking thinner.



An angler landed forty pounds
Of wild Long Island turtle,
But could not figure whether he
Should name it Mike or Myrtle.
Wine and prayer were both invoked
To launch the Pennsylvania;
The town still bleats
For subway seats,
And spats are quite the mania.

NOT A WINK OF SLEEP

Written and Illustrated (from Clay Models) by HELENA SMITH-DAYTON

"Agnes!" commanded Mrs. Canary, the landlady, "go up and bang on their doors and see if they are all dead. Sunday breakfast can't drag till noon."

"Mrs. Canary," complained Alfred Colt, the only boarder who was "down," "are you quite sure that these are my own special sausages?"

"Mr. Colt, those are your own sausages. If you can't tell the difference—" Mrs. Canary shrugged her shoulders.

"It seems to me they have a different flavor," he insisted.

Gertie Golightly, a pale wraith, slipped into her place at the table. "Ah, Miss Golightly!" chided Mrs. Canary, "late hours steal the rose from the cheek and the sparkle from the eye!"

"There was a mouse in my room last night!" announced Miss Golightly, dramatically. "I never got one wink of sleep. I hope I never put in another such a night."

"Miss Gertie," said Alfred Colt, "that little mouse was probably more afraid of you than you were of it!"

The fiendish behavior of the mouse was still being described when the Cribbages entered. Samuel Cribbage placed his wife in her chair.

"I never got a wink of sleep all night," began Mrs. Cribbage. "Samuel, here, could sleep right through an earthquake."

"So you had mice, too!" triumphed Gertie Golightly. "This house is alive with them."

"It wasn't mice," informed Mrs. Cribbage with dignity. "Agnes, I want very little breakfast—I'm too nervous to eat. Just a cup of coffee and some toast. Er—just a moment, Agnes! Miss Gertie, is that liver and bacon on your plate? Then I'll have some. I must keep my strength up. The doctor says so. He told me to eat eggs—so perhaps I'd better have two, soft boiled. Grape fruit? Um-m-m, there's a lot of quinine in grapefruit. And, Agnes, I think I'll have my oatmeal as usual."

"I see by the papers this morning," began Mrs. Canary with animation, "that Harry Thaw—"

"Such strange noises as there were in this house last night!" interrupted Mrs. Cribbage. "Once I thought there surely must be a fire. I heard the clock strike two, and just as I was dozing off, that big blowhard, Hemisphere, in the room over ours, came in and went tramping around until I thought the ceiling would cave in. Then he quieted down for a few minutes and I was just losing myself, when he threw his shoes down like a ton of brick. He might show some little consideration for me, seeing I'm so poorly. Oh, here's poor, dear Miss Quince! She doesn't look as if she had a good night's rest, either."

"I didn't!" declared Miss Quince, savagely. "As assistant buyer of the handkerchief department, and all the responsibility that I have, I need my rest. So you, too, Mrs. Cribbage, heard the goings on of the Binneys?"

"The Binneys!" exclaimed the others, aghast.

"Yes, the Binneys," mimicked Miss Quince. "Oh, things aren't as smooth in that quarter as some folks suppose. I've been wise for the past few days, but last night was the climax. Still, in a boarding house one expects rows."



"Miss Quince, the people in my house are ladies and gentlemen. Ah, good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Binney!" Mrs. Canary beamed upon the newcomers. The next instant the smile froze on her face. Andrew Binney had deliberately kicked Peter, her pampered cat.

"Oh, Andy, dear, don't—" pleaded Mrs. Binney. Then she glanced apologetically around the table. "Of course, after what we went

through last night, you can't blame Mr. Binney for not feeling kindly toward Peter. Wasn't it dreadful? We never got one wink of sleep!"

"Oh, it *was* mice!" crowed Miss Golightly, with a withering glance at Miss Quince. "I don't think much of a cat that won't keep a house clear of mice."

"I suppose that the Binneys thought burglars had broken in when I went down to let you in last night, when you forgot your key, Miss Golightly," said Mrs. Canary crushingly. "I didn't get to sleep myself until hours afterward, and I know I caught cold."

"Those cats ought to be poisoned," Andrew Binney declared. "Such fighting and yowling on the back fence, right under our window."

"There were a thousand cats," declared Mrs. Binney.

"Peter attracts them," growled Binney.

"I heard the cats," admitted Mrs. Canary, "but Peter was not among them. He was sleeping peacefully in his basket. It was probably that old Maltese cat next door, and the minister's cat, and that old black and white one that hangs around here so much, but it wasn't Peter."

"Well, Andy's new suit is ruined," sighed Mrs. Binney, "and the wall paper in our room is a sight."

"I fail to see any connection between poor innocent Peter asleep in his basket, and your husband's ruined suit of clothes and the wall paper," said Mrs. Canary haughtily.

"Why, you see, we saved empty bottles to throw at the cats to frighten them away," explained Mrs. Binney, "but last night there wasn't anything left to throw except a bottle of cough syrup. Mr. Binney, in desperation, grabbed that. He swung it 'round and 'round before letting it fly out of the window, and somehow the cork came out. Oh, such a mess! He did hit a cat, though."

During this recital Miss Quince devoted her whole attention to her breakfast.

"Samuel," whispered Mrs. Cribbage, "if you're not going to eat that little piece of steak, I will. Agnes, I'd like another cup of coffee."

"Mrs. Canary," cautioned Alfred Colt, as he arose from the table, "will you please tell the cook to keep my sausages separate next week?"

"Is there any place where one can buy mouse traps on Sunday?" inquired Miss Golightly.

The new young man boarder on the top floor made a belated appearance. "I know I'm late," he apologized, "but there was a baby crying in the house next door and they kept a light burning that shone right in my eyes. I didn't get a wink of sleep. I just dozed off about daylight."

"I hope you received no bad news in your telegram that I went down in the middle of the night to get," said Mrs. Canary with an affected cough.

"Hello, everybody!" boomed the hearty voice of Dave Hemisphere. "I thought I'd get down for Sunday breakfast this morning, having enjoyed a good night's sleep. It's certainly one grand little morning. How nice we look, Miss Gertie!"

"Agnes," directed Mrs. Canary, "see that Mr. Hemisphere has some fresh coffee."



"When I went down to let you in"

THE SEVEN ARTS BY JAMES HUNEKER



"Marie-Odile" If, by any chance, the manuscript of "Marie-Odile" had been submitted to me for my immature judgment I should have rejected it for several potent reasons: The theme, I would have argued, is hopelessly ill-adapted for dramatic treatment; again, it is a subject bound to give offence to Roman Catholics and people who have Teutonic leanings. But, behold, when I saw this play of Edward Knoblauch's at the Belasco Theatre, these objections vanished, and with them several others. I had forgotten, in my hypothetical case, the intervention of David Belasco; also, the tact, the foresight, and dramatic sense of Mr. Knoblauch. Of a decidedly risky situation he has extracted the dangerous qualities, and given us a touching picture of a naive soul. The haze of legend envelopes the close of the story, and, on the purely material side, Mr. Belasco, with his unflinching handling of values and atmosphere, has contrived a setting that effectively buttresses the illusion; for illusion it all is. Five minutes' reflection after the curtain has fallen, if you set operating your logic cells, the play vanishes in agreeably-tinted smoke. It never for a moment has had a basis of reality. No such novice ever existed. Mother Superiors are never so harsh and inhuman as this one. A girl like Marie-Odile, in the parlance of certain Irish peasants, would be called an "Innocent," which, in plain English, means half-witted. No matter how ignorant of the central fact of life, her sex-intuition would have told this would-be nun the truth; indeed, her beloved pigeons might have shown her the way. With the arrival of the man, the father of her future child, she so completely chimes in with his desire that she would be denounced as "over-sexed" by indignant ladies who believe that children must not be allowed to play with dolls because they might incite to maternity. But once admit the truth of the thesis, that the mind of Marie-Odile, like that of Virginia—in "Paul and Virginia"—was a *tabula rasa*, that she believed children grew like flowers, or were fetched by the stork, and you succumb to the magic spell of the author, artfully aided thereto by the magician, Belasco. No possible offence can be conjured up, for the scene is a lonely convent during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and anyone who has read history, or studied the astonishing series of etched plates by the great Spaniard, Francesco Goya, entitled, "The Disasters of War," need not be reminded that the nuns in Spain were not spared by Napoleon's men, or by the English troops of Wellington. War is war. No nation is exempt from charges of rapine, plunder, and wanton bloodshed. Making due allowance for the patriotic tinge of hatred in certain fictions of De Maupassant and Zola, or the Marguerite brothers, there is no doubt that the Prussians made themselves generally disliked in 1870. But if any sensitive critic should cavil at the soldiers in "Marie-Odile," let him, if he be a theatre-goer of experience, recall Paul Potter's "The Conquerors," at the Empire Theatre, about two decades ago (I'm not sure as to the date), a dramatic version from a story by De Maupassant. Brutal is the only word to describe that very strong and very effective piece. Mr. Potter didn't care a rap for race prejudice, and laid on the colors thickly. To-day, the play might be hissed. But, as race and religious prejudice is largely an affair of irritated personal sanity, I think the less said the better. If our Jewish-born population can, good-humoredly, stand "Potash and Perlmutter," no Roman Catholic or German-American need wince at the situations in "Marie-Odile," which are both reverent and tactful. Of course, with "The Playboy of the Western World," by that man of genius, J. M. Synge, the case was different. Lady Gregory and her players had to contend with the Professional Irishman. Who ever heard of a Professional Hebrew?

Frances Starr I've dwelt at some length on the anecdote—it is hardly more—of this novice in a little Alsatian convent. She is left, by an oversight, in charge of the convent, hastily emptied at the approach of the enemy. She is treated well, too well, rather than wisely, by a young German officer, and is looked after by a simple gardener—who must have known how to administer twilight sleep at a critical moment—and when the nuns return there is a tiny child in a cradle for them to wonder over. Surely an anecdote, without small opportunity for dramatic development or stirring climax. Nevertheless, Mr. Knoblauch has produced literature, not merely a "literary drama"—horrible phrase!—and tells his story unaffectedly, charmingly. But the interpretation! Ay! there must have been the rub. Frances Starr I remember as a girl in "The Rose of the Rancho"—comic opera *sans* music; also, as the spineless heroine of Eugene Walters' technically excellent, "The Easiest Way"—a sort of an American "Iris," only Mr. Pinero's woman

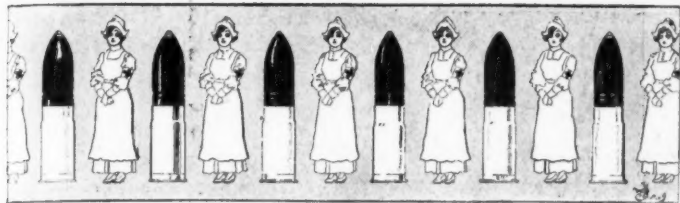
claimed our sympathy from the start, her diluted American successor not for a moment. (Mr. Walters, it may be remembered, attempted a like experiment in his "Paid in Full," which, as Acton Davies wittily put it, was a "Manna Vanna in Harlem.") Miss Starr in those days made eloquent eyes at her audience, as does Geraldine Farrar now. She played every scene at the orchestra seats, and, though I may be mistaken, munched gum, or some substitute—perhaps trokeys. Altogether, an unpromising and colorless candidate for artistic honors. And hopelessly spoiled by her admirers. Well, the miracle that occurs in the story of the play is duplicated

by another in the performance. Miss Starr, without being a heaven-storming histrionic genius—she hasn't abundant dramatic temperament—is become an artist. She keeps in character, which she invests with sincerity, and makes it credible. I could count on the fingers of my right hand the ingenues I know, and still have several digits to spare for the purpose of summoning the waiter; but how many could play Marie-Odile with such a delicate yet firm touch throughout? An easy character to assume, I've heard. Possibly. But the things to be left undone, the self-effacement, are not so easily compassed. Many actresses of assured skill would play for points, reach out for climaxes, and thus spoil the integrity of the characterization. The "tact of omission" (as Walter Pater said years before Oscar Wilde) is the keynote of Miss Starr's very moving interpretation. The convent drudge, meekly bearing the irritable reproaches of her Mother Superior; not knowing of eugenics; the lover of birds and babies—the sight of a child's cap arouses her potential maternal feeling, Mr. Knoblauch is a crafty artist in "preparation"—is in the key of commonplace until the miracle—for to her it is a miracle, and for every woman it should be the miracle of miracles. Then the humble creature, Marie-Odile, the unconscious victim of what Robert Louis Stevenson termed love—a mixture of prurience and vanity—is newly born. No need for the halo of light—the face of the girl is transfigured. I expected the silvery shining bars at the opening of the "Lohengrin" prelude, or the silent music of Maeterlinck in "Pelleas and Melisande." The moment is charged with mystic ecstasy. Yet, but a poor girl sent out into the world with her child, a child begotten by the fantasy of a pictorial St. George, reincarnated in the rude exterior of an Uhlan. See how cunning is the art of Edward Knoblauch to dose thus our incredulity into acquiescence. Such a Mother Superior is fiction; just escapes Eugene Sue. If you like, there is the convent in one of John Oliver Hobbes' novels; even the pitiless George Moore, in his "Sister Teresa," has drawn a more sympathetic figure of a prioress. However, without Mother Saint Dominic (artistically simulated by Marie Wainwright), Marie-Odile would have had no dramatic *raison d'être*. Miss Starr's recital of the St. Odile legend is admirable in its diction. The ensemble scene of the Prussian soldiers recall the best traditions of German team-work at the Irving Place Theatre. The nuns are excellent, although their Latin pronunciation is dubious. One line only grates on Roman Catholic ears—and I am not alone in sustaining this objection; it is the speech of Marie-Odile, in which she rapturously mixes the mystic bridegroom at the sacred altar with her earthly lover. No doubt this is sound psychology in her case, for she has no data of experience, confounding, as she does, the divine and the real. I raise this particular point, because otherwise no fault may be found. When you see "Marie-Odile," don't forget it is legend, not the transcription of reality. Then you can't escape its appeal. It is what all women know, but what many women nowadays refuse to recognize—maternal love; the child, church or no, as its own justification.

Naturally, Marcella Sembrich does not *Marcella the Unique* sing with as fresh a voice as in the year 1883

or 1884, when I first heard her at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia. But she is an infinitely greater artist. I watched her with the kind of critical curiosity that reminds one of the Englishman who followed the circus over the world, patiently waiting for the minute when the lion would swallow the keeper. Now, I didn't expect that Madame Sembrich would falter or break down. Perish the thought. But I did listen to her at her last recital in Carnegie Hall in a kind of fascinated stupor. Obviously, her voice was tired, yet the idomitable artistic energy of the Polish woman won the battle. As the afternoon wore on she "tapped fresh levels of energy," as William James would have said, and the concert ended in a blaze of vocal glory. Nearly all schools were represented on her programme, and she finished at the keyboard, playing and singing Chopin's lovely "Maiden's Wish." When should a singer stop

(Continued on page 16)



PRACTICAL NEUTRALITY
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YOU: The drama this year—

T. B. M.: *Listen.* Have you heard of the new show where they got a man and a woman talking about this eugenics business before they're married? That's too raw for this country. You know we ought to do something about it because, etc.

YOU: Speaking of literature—

T. B. M.: *Listen.* My wife's trying to get me to read Harold Bell Wright's latest book but I ain't got time for anything heavy. I'll wait till I can see it in the movies. Have you seen that new Eddie Everson Comedy Picture—where he comes into the hotel soused, etc.?

YOU: The recent movement in music—

T. B. M.: *Listen.* They got an act at the Orpheum this week where a fella without any legs or arms sits down at the piano and, etc.

YOU: In the matter of reform—

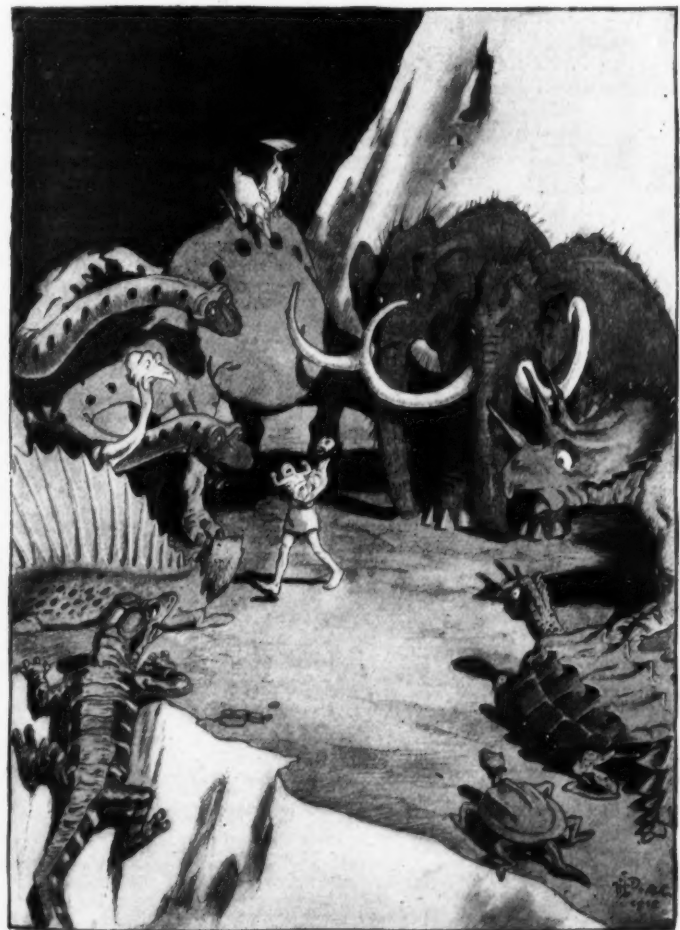
T. B. M.: *Listen.* All those reformers are a bunch of long-haired Socialists. I don't let anybody tell me how to run my business, etc., etc., etc.

But when the T. B. M. writes it on a check isn't he convincing!

TOTTERING

DAUGHTER: His family tree is five hundred years old, and it's filled with warriors and diplomats!

FATHER: Well, it's so decayed now, it ought to be filled with cement and bricks!



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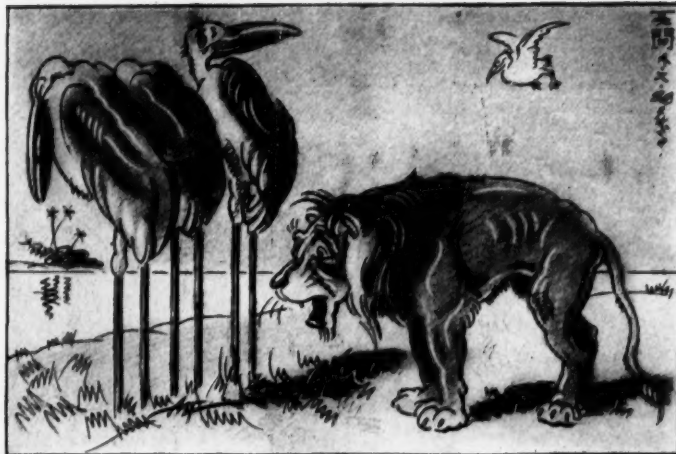
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The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 14)

singing in public? The answer is not an easy one. In 1913, I heard, at Berlin, Lilli Lehmann in recital. Lilli was born 1848—at least that's the date the Dictionary of Musicians, published by Schirmer, gives her. She sang like an inspired goddess. Voice? Worn, full of chasms, like Calve's—who is a much younger woman. Here is Marcella the unique. Must she leave us because the *schmelz* is gone, because the flute-like agility and lark-like freshness have vanished? A more wonderful singing lesson couldn't be given than her vocalism in certain songs a few weeks ago—the sustained *legato* of Schumann's "Stille Thranen," for example. Her management of breath was extraordinary, for, as I said above, her voice sounded fatigued from the start. But she could sing till she was one hundred years old, and still instruct, still give pleasure.

Parsifal from the Antipodes "Non Angli, sed Angeli," was the exclamation of a certain Pope when he saw some blond English slaves exposed for sale in the marketplace. Percy Grainger, the young Australian composer and pianist, is blond, an Angle, perhaps an angel. "A youthful Paderewski," said the ladies at the Philharmonic Concert, where, under Josef Stransky's conductorship, he played the Grieg A minor piano concerto in brilliant style. An angel, who has also studied with Muldoon for muscular rhythms, as well as Busoni, Parsifal Grainger, a shining apparition with golden locks, smites the keyboard like the harmonious blacksmith. As he played this concerto for Grieg his *tempi* are presumably official, though they are often at variance with the printed text. Grainger is a healthy talent and music-making has won for him a host of friends. His fingers are like steel mallets. He has temperament to burn. Yet, his reading did not quite obliterate memories of the greatest of Grieg interpreters (said to be the composer of the massive cadenza), and the man to whom the work is dedicated—need I recall the name of Edmund Neupert?

HARVARD'S PRESIDENT ENDORSES COLLEGE RESERVE

In the *Harvard Illustrated*, President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard University, takes a firm stand in favor of a University Peace Reserve as originally suggested and championed by PUCK. Dr. Lowell says:

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AS EACH ONE SAW IT

THE OPTIMIST: That boy will be President some day.
THE PESSIMIST: That boy will be Vice-President some day.

IT MIGHT BE WORSE

POET: I fear I haven't written anything that will live.
FRIEND: Look on the bright side of it. Be thankful that you are alive in spite of what you have written.

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DIARY
May 15, 1820

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DAUGHTER DIALOGUES—II

MISS INQUISITIVE (reading paper):
Father!

FOND MALE PARENT: Yes, daughter.

M. I.: What is a Prohibitionist?

F. M. P. (snatching newspaper from her hands): Give me that paper at once. What makes you ask such questions?

M. I.: It says in the paper a Prohibitionist, named Mr. Hobson, made a speech in Congress. What does prohibitionist mean, father?

F. M. P.: A Prohibitionist, daughter, is a man who wears a long satin-faced coat, black felt hat, and buttons his collar in back, and he makes lists of things you must not do.

M. I.: Well, father, Miss Smithers told us at Sunday-school that God told us all the things we must not do.

F. M. P.: I know, daughter, but the Prohibitionist came much later than God and discovered a lot of things that God overlooked.

M. I.: But Miss Smithers says God sees everything.

F. M. P.: I know, but the Prohibitionist is a very important man, who has a set of new commandments, and he wants you and mother and father and Uncle John and Aunt Mary and everybody to do what he says.

M. I.: Goody! He must be bigger than—than—well, bigger than Mr. Roosevelt.

F. M. P.: Oh, my, yes indeed, daughter. The Prohibitionist makes rules and regulations for everybody; even Mr. Roosevelt never tried that.

M. I.: Father, Mr. Pipchin wears a long coat and a black felt hat. Is he a Prohibitionist?

F. M. P.: No, daughter, Mr. Pipchin is an undertaker.

M. I.: Well, is a Prohibitionist any happier than Mr. Pipchin?

F. M. P.: Only when he is talking in Congress, daughter. People are all the time doing things to make the Prohibitionist sad, and he leads a very dreary life.

M. I.: Father, do you ever do anything to make the poor Prohibitionist sad?

F. M. P. (sorrowfully): Yes, daughter; every time mamma and I have a glass of sherry it makes the Prohibitionist very angry and he calls us drunkards, and makes speeches about us.

M. I.: Then, father, poor old Auntie Jane is a drunkard, too, isn't she, because the doctor makes her drink a glass of wine every single day?

F. M. P.: Yes, the Prohibitionist says Auntie Jane is a very naughty old woman. You see, where he lives people who drink wine are supposed to be very, very wicked.

M. I.: Where does the Prohibitionist live, father?

F. M. P.: 'Way down in Alabama, and in Kansas, and Maine.

M. I.: Are they far from New York, father?

F. M. P.: Hundreds and hundreds of miles, daughter.

M. I.: Then what makes the Prohibitionist so sad when you and mother drink sherry, when he's so far away?

F. M. P.: Because, daughter, the Prohibitionist thinks that bad people like mother and daddy have no right to do anything without his permission.

Miss Inquisitive stares long and earnestly at something on the opposite side of the room. Finally, she asks:

"Father, may I do something with that picture up there?"

F. M. P. (surprised): Why, yes, daughter; only don't break it.

Miss Inquisitive gets up on a chair and carefully turns, with its face toward the wall, a copy of the Declaration of Independence, in a black walnut frame, with a tiny gilt edging.

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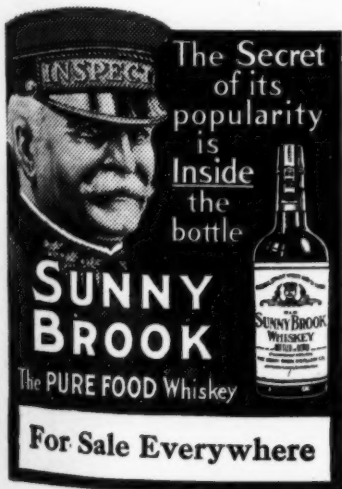
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"Sunday took with him more than \$51,000 in cash, and will get several thousand dollars more when subscriptions are collected."

Pretty good for three months' exhortation. The next paragraph seems hardly necessary to record:

"Good-by, old Philly!" he shouted; "you've been good to me."

Being President at \$75,000 a year is a piker's job, after all.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

ARTIST (exhibiting his paintings): No, I haven't made a sale yet; in fact, the public seem to be "only looking!"

FRIEND: But that's a whole lot! At my exhibitions they say things!

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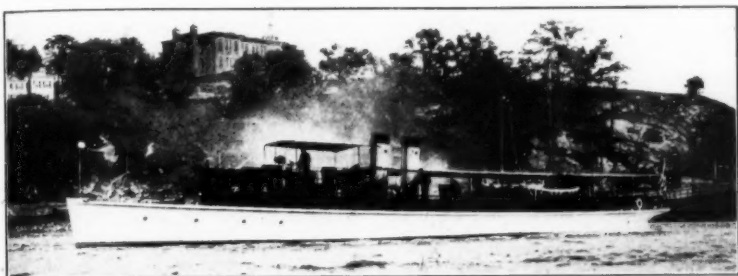
We suppose one of the first acts of triumphant woman will be to change the name primary to primarie.

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